# ENGLAND's

[23.]

# Mournful Elegy

FOR

## The Diſſolving the PARLIAMENT.

ARE all our Hopes thus on a ſudden daſh'd?
Our Truſt confounded, and Rejoycings quaſh'd!
One blaſt of Air, upon one diſmal day
Has blown our JOY, our Parliament away!
When the Beaſt's King ſends forth his dreadful Voice;
They leave the Wood, affrighted at the noyſe.
How fair of late did all the Heavens ſmile?
What ſtreams of Joy ran through this gladſom Iſle!
When now, behold, diſturb'd and clouded Skies,
And Tears of Sorrow trickling from our Eyes,
Follow'd with Tempeſts of Heart-breaking ſighs.
ROME at our Troubles now begins to Laugh,
And traiterous Lords do our Confuſion Quaff:
The Prince of Hell, by theſe ſad Signs miſtook,
Thinks Heaven and Providence has us forſook,
And, ſpite of all his cunning, ſhews his Joy,
In hopes that, now, he ENGLAND ſhall deſtroy;
But we do know, that God has Mercy ſtill;
If humbly we ſubmit unto his Will:
ROME, may deceived be, and looſe its Aim,
And Hell, Confounded be, with Fear and Shame.
The WOLF the threatned Child, did long to Taſt,
Expecting for the Morſel long did Faſt,
But Mockt and Hungry did return at laſt;
The Mother ſtill did in her Child delight,
And with the VVOLF to ſtill 't, did it affright.
Thus VVolfiſh JESUITES, waiting for their Prey,
VVithout it, empty, ſhall be ſent away.
Our TEARS of Sorrow, ſhall to Gladneſs turn,
And ENGLAND at the laſt, ſhall Ceaſe to Mourn.
A Mourner, at the preſent, ſhe appears,
And with a Sable Vail, ſhe hides her TEARS:
Great is her Grief, yet ſcarcely underſtood;
Her Eyes drop TEARS, her Heart a ſhower of BLOOD,
For many Woes ſhe now expects to ſee,
And doth preſage ſome Fearful Tragedie.
Plotters yet live, which ſtill our Head would wound,
VVho ſeek us, and our Happineſs to confound:
VVho ſtill are trying all the means they can,
By ſubtil wayes th' unwary to Trepan:
And whom they cannot reach, they curſe and ban:

The

The Plots a Deep, whoſe Botto m is not found,
VVhich many Fathoms has unto the Ground,
So intricate a Lab'rinth few can finde,
By what is paſt, what yet remaines behinde.
*England* remembers, and with Grief's diſmaid,
At what long ſince, propherick *Uſher* ſaid,
That *Popery* for a while ſhould hither come,
And our Religion ſhould ſubmit to ROME:
That once again ſhe ſhould her Altars ſee,
Her Prieſts, her Trinkets and Idolatry.
But that at laſt, the breath of *Providence*.
Should them diſperſe, and ſuddenly blow hence;
That they ſhould all be driven from our Shore,
And after that in *England* ſeen no more.
Through clouded Eyes *England* beholds the Star
That ſeems to threaten Famine Plague and VVar.
Armies in Fight ſeen in the azure Sky,
VVith many a ſtrange and unheard Prodigy,
Add to her grief, which trembling ſhe beholds,
VVhilſt the Myſterious Riddle none unfolds.
VVith Arms a-croſs, ſhe ſat, in Silence huſh'd,
Till a ſalt Flood, from her drown'd Eyes new guſh'd;
For like a Ship, ſhe at an Anchor lay,
Rolling on ſurging Seas within a Bay;
'Till on a ſudden, by a Thunder-ſtroke,
She loſt her Hold, Anchor and Cable broke,
And her great Hopes, her Anchor being quit,
Upon diſpairing Rocks ſhe ſeems to ſplit.
But God who all things ſees, and rules above,
VVho with his Juſtice alwayes mixes Love,
Beholds poor *England* in her deep Diſtreſs,
And in the midſt of Miſeries her can bleſs.
The Hearts of Kings he holdeth in his Hand,
And he can them, as other men command;
On God above now all our Hopes doth lye,
On Him ſhe fixes her ſtill conſtant Eye,
Reſolv'd to ſuffer what on her he'l throw,
Good Counſel ſhe doth on her Sons beſtow,
Bids them be bold, but not with Rage to ſwell,
Petition, Pray, and all their Griefs to tell,
To Heaven and their King, but not Rebel.

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